# The Guardian.

FROM EDUCATION, AS THE LEADING CAUSE,
THE PUBLIC CHARACTER ITS COLOUR DRAWS;
HENCE THE PREVAILING MANNERS TAKE THEIR CAST;
EXTRAVAGANT OR SOBER, LOOSE OR CHASTE.
COWPER.

VOL. I. ALBANY, SATURDAY, *OCTOBER* 29, 1808. No. 50.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

*From the (Boston) Monthly Anthology.*

### MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.*

BIOGRAPHERS have frequently remarked, that the lives of literary characters are seldom attended with extraordinary incidents; or, if their peculiar adventures be ever so noble and difficult, they are beyond the comprehension and observance of the common multitude, and will therefore, in vain, demand attention from any but the fond admirers of their works. But the subject of the present memoir, who has been long known both here, and in her native country, as an ingenious Dramatist, an engaging Novelist, and a conciliating advocate of pure morality, may be adduced in opposition to the preceding remark. The heroines of fiction, whose actions are restrained within the limits of probability, can rarely enter a more wonderful career of life, than that of Mrs. Inchbald. A circumstantial detail however cannot be here pretended. Nothing more will be offered than a brief epitome of those anecdotes and narratives, which have, at several times, been published by her professed acquaintances. Should the fair reader frown at the recital of these romantic adventures, she is entreated to direct her attention chiefly to their happy events —but if she listen with an approving smile, she is likewise requested to consider, that those wild and whimsical attempts, which depend almost entirely on the aid of miracles for honourable success, must not be viewed for imitation. The principal design in collecting this cursory account is to gratify the inquisitive with a history of a singular personage, who by madly daring to seek, has fortunately attained her object; who by greatly resolving and persevering with fortitude, has at length become a conspicuous ornament to her sex.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Simpson, was born in the year 1756, near Bury St. Edmund's,* in the county of Suffolk. Her father, a reputable farmer in that place, died while she was an infant; but her mother, a discreet and intelligent woman, continued to occupy the farm, and managed her family with respectable decency. Her children, who were considerably numerous, were all remarkably handsome, but Elizabeth was distinguished as eminently beautiful. Nature however still leaves her best works unfinished: Miss Simpson had so great an impediment in her speech, that all she attempted to utter was unintelligible to those, who had not been accustomed to hear her. This misfortune so much intimidated her before strangers, and preyed so eagerly on her spirits, that in her earliest days she became averse to society and sought the deepest seclusion, where "melancholy marked her for her own."

Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and she particularly delighted in such, as contained descriptions of life directly opposite to her own. Thus it generally happens, that they, who are in the immediate enjoyment of solitude, are captivated by the ideal pleasures of active society; while those, who are buffeting the rude gales of life in the acquisition of fortune or dignity, sigh for the felicities of retirement.—Reading, however, awakened her curiosity, which at length became so active, that she, at the age of thirteen, was heard to declare—"she would rather die, than live any longer without seeing the world."—Desirous of seeing those manners and fashions, of which she had often read in newspapers and magazines, and, above all, of visiting the metropolis, of which young minds commonly retain the most romantic conceptions, she proposed many plans for accomplishing her purpose; but these were always rejected by her friends, and she was peremptorily forbidden to indulge a tho't so dangerous to her own safety and to the peace of the family.

But this desire increased with her years, and she resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not execute by permission.—She was now sixteen years old, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright golden colour, so much celebrated by poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes were dark, and her teeth perfectly white; she was tall, and the symmetry of her person was elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing.—Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a band-box, and ran about two miles across some fields to the London road, where with an indescribable perturbation she waited for the coming of the stage coach, which soon conveyed her to "that spot of glory and that world of wo," the metropolis.

Elopements usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves, is surely not very wonderful; but, that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, destitute not only of a lover, but even of a confident, should

"Wander forth to see the world alone."

is incident far more congenial to the page of fiction, than to that of sober history. But the most romantic projects of youth are seldom formed without a reference to the accomplishment of some rational purpose, or to the attainment of some particular pleasure. Curiosity after every thing worthy of curiosity, and that knowledge of the world, which is so frequently extolled as the most desirable acquirement, induced this fair adventurer to adopt a conduct, which, at first view, appears to be singular indiscretion. She did not, however, leave her home without some settled plan. She had often heard her family mention the wife of a tradesman, who was a distant relation. This relation she determined to visit, imagining that, after having made herself known, she should be permitted to remain under her care, till she had gratified that curiosity, which had prompted her to this extraordinary undertaking, and for which she intended to solicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this asylum. But, alas, no asylum was open! On arriving at the house, she had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by persons related to her.—They had retired from business, and taken a residence in Wales.

It was near ten at night, when Miss Simpson received these dismal tidings. The surprise and anxiety, discovered in her countenance, drew the attention of those, to whom she was speaking, She appeared before them harrassed, alarmed, and evidently without a place of shelter. She confessed her situation, and requested they would permit her to stay, till she could consider whither to go, for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the house complied with her request. This civility, more than her situation, filling her eyes with tears, her hospitable entertainers then invited her to continue with them through the night. They likewise desired her to make herself easy with so much good-nature and kindness, as to raise in her mind suspicions more alarming, than any that she had yet conceived on finding herself in London without a friend to protect her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly derived from the perusal of novels, she had read too many stories of the various arts of seduction to attribute such particular civilities to any other motive than seducing artifice.—Her suspicion of their evil design was confirmed on recollecting that she heard the people in the shop whisper, as she passed through it,—"how beautiful!" and that the coachman, on

* It will be perceived, that much of this memoir is taken *verbatim* from that in a work entitled "Public Characters."

† Or St. Edmundsbury.

receiving his fare and leaving her to their protect on, significantly bade them "make the most of her."—What more fully conv nced her was the entrance of an elderly, corpulent woman so exactly answerable to the common descriptions, n novels, of a procuress, that our heroine immediately saw her safety dependent on another elopement. Seizing her band-box, she silently and suddenly rushed out of the house, leaving the good people, in the midst of their tenderness and compassion, to stare on each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length in her hurried flight, she stopped a moment to rest her box on a post in the street. The horrors of her situation now presented themselves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night without exposing herself to the arts and impositions of licentious men, o of mercenary women, she thought would be impracticable without recourse to stratagem; for the unexperienced are too apt to conclude, that deceit and artifice can be counteracted only by their own instruments.—After ruminating some time, the thought was suggested, that could she conceal the circumstance of her being a *country* girl, she would have nothing to dread from those, whom she considered as the unprincipled and inhuman destroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting how she might be questioned under any assumed character, she spiritedly entered the first house, which she saw exhibit—"*Lodgings to let*," pretending that she was "a milliner's apprentice, accustomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, because her mistress, having unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds." The people, to whom she addressed this tale, expressed their doubts of its veracity; and while she was strongly asserting its truth, she turned her head and beheld the same tradesman, from whose house she had just escaped, an attentive auditor to her new story. He had followed his uncommon visitor, and confronting her with the relation she had given him of her being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame which had hitherto been an utter stranger to her bosom.

*(To be continued.)*

## *MISCELLANEOUS.*

*From the Monthly Anthology.*

### LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINGUIN, FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

### *LETTER V.*

THE fairest hopes of man are blasted in a moment, and when he fancies himself secure, at the very summit of felicity, he is most in danger of being hurled from the enjoyment.—While I yet write, a pestilence desolates the city; and thousands are swept into eternity unpaid of their last honours! Death, who outstrips the fleeting feet of Fear, seems impatient of Time, and the only consolation left to the afflicted, is the certainty of following those whom he has taken away. It would harrow up thy heart, Leinwha, son of Ts-fo-vang, to behold the excess of grief in those, whose minds are not disciplined by philosophy, and who seem in their first paroxism to forget, that death is the best gift from heaven to man.

.....As all communication with you will be now awhile cut off, and the avenues to the city closed to-morrow, I am about to retire into the country; and await the return of health and tranquility.

Farewel! May that blessing, of which this land is deprived, never be wanting to the friend of my bosom.

### DESCRIPTION OF BONAPARTE.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

NOW you shall have him in another light, at the theatre, where he is always much exposed, though, as he sits low in the box, if he were a little taller he would be much more so. When he enters, he is so quick that he is always seated before any one is aware of his august presence. A faint applause is attempted, and he half rises which puts an end to it. During the performance he looks continually towards the stage, now and then catching a glance at his chained tigers in the pit, turning his eyes in a sly way without moving his head. He continually picks his nose like an irritable man....takes snuff, and then, Frenchman like, blows his trumpet. He has a fine high forehead, that is, it is rather narrow, but the distance is great between his eye brows and the hair, which grows far from the face. His hair is totally neglected, cut rather short. I have frequently been at the theatre, when in the old plays of Racine and Corneille, there have been very severe allusions to his situation, to his usurpation, &c. which probably the audience applauded, in *old times*; but they are sure now to receive them with instantaneous and loud applause. He however only runs his *forefinger under the end of his nose*: "kick if you will, but I have ye fast enough." A new play, however, called Henri VIII. came out, which he attended, as he often does a first representation; it contained a continual invective against him, and he instantly ordered the piece suppressed. You may ask, how they dared bring it forth? Why he might with more safety imprison every man in Paris, than encroach upon the liberty of the stage; it is a Frenchman's birth right, I may say. It is the school in which they receive all their principles; and where TWENTY-EIGHT are opened every night, you may imagine it to be the substitute both for school and church.

To continue my subject: when Bonaparte rises to quit the theatre, he turns to the audience, shows a fine row of teeth, (what a tyger's grin!) makes several quick bows and disappears. A few voices immediately, as ordered, sound forth the "vive l'Empereur!" and a few clap their hands; but I never yet have witnessed any thing but a cold indifference in any audience. The French are very quick and unanimous; and could he once excite them to applaud him, it would pervade the whole audience, and their would be no end to their enthusiasm.

As to the empress, she looks, from knowing a little of the old court, somewhat as becomes imperial majesty. There is an appearance of great anxiety, of that kind of disturbed feelings, which a person has who is mounted on a high place, or in danger of being overturned in a carriage; a look which all her guards and splendour cannot banish from her countenance. She is generally very well painted, well dressed, and seems to be about fifty. She is or pretends to be very religious. I saw on her toilette at St. Cloud, several religious works and a splendid bible! It is said she is much troubled by the predictions of a fortune-teller when young. She was told that she would marry a nobleman, Count Beauharnois; that he would die an unnatural death; that afterwards she would pass a miserable and perilous life; would finally be a queen, and greater than a queen, but "gare la chute!" was the sentence; "Beware of the fall!" All this would naturally be invented, but I was told it by Frenchmen who were in the habit of meeting her during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt.

She seldom is seen in publick, which I can account for only from her aversion to meet the eyes of some former gallants, who would proudly proclaim their intimacy.

I should like to describe to you the wonderful magnificence of the apartments of St. Cloud, to which I had access in company with Madame Lauriston. Among other things, I could not help observing in the hall of the throne, fitted up or begun *before* he was proclaimed emperor; that the cornice was ornamented by a Cock (France) on the back of a crouching Lion! (England.) The gentleman pointed at it very significantly. In four compartments of the ceiling were the imperial arms, executed *before* the people willed so kindly that he should be urged to do them the favour to accept the empire.

The apartments of the Empress are the most beautiful. The window curtains are principally of the first muslin and silk, thrown over a rod or arrow, and drawn aside; silk on one and muslin the other side of the window.

Her bathing room is a curiosity. It is about eight feet square, and composed entirely of mirrors. On two opposite sides are narrow pilasters, which are so regularly and so many times reflected, that one is obliged to feel of the walls not to believe that it is a gallery 300 feet long. The trough for the Imperial Venus to wallow in is of white marble.

I could not avoid observing at Malmaison, that in Bonaparte's library every thing relates to Egypt;—books, maps, and models. And at the annual exhibition, the painting which was crowned with laurel, represented him in the famous hospital at Jaffa, among the pestiferous soldiers, touching the virulent sore of one. I could mention other things showing not only his penchant to Egypt, but that he is proud and flattered by his bloody and abominable achievements there. Frenchmen are kept ignorant of, and many will not believe what Sir R. Wilson wrote.

I often asked at Paris, whether *he* governed, or Talleyrand, or some others, and was always assured that he originates and conducts every thing. Talleyrand may be ordered to draw up such a document; Cambaceres such a law, Marbois or Lebrun such a scheme of finance: but he is prime mover.

*Upon the whole*, instead of despising and detesting Bonaparte, I was compelled rather to applaud and admire him *as the Chief of a nation*. Who would prefer being governed by an ignorant, wilful, wicked mob, or democratic people, to being subject to the skilful, deliberate, and protecting will of an individual? *I* want no mercy in justice, nor a regard to popular *feelings* in a government.

Bonaparte governs with an energy truly admirable; and although we hear of "deeds of darkness" and all that, much exaggerated, the people of Paris, from the excellency of the police, enjoy all the benefits which result from perfect order; benefits, which I wish were to be enjoyed as surely in Boston; or even in this city of free thinking and too free acting!

## *CHARACTERISTICS.*

### OLIVER CROMWELL,

AFTER he had run through his youthful career of amusement and dissipation, became so hypochondriacal that he used occasionally to have his physician called up in the middle of the night to attend him, as he imagined himself to be dying.

Sir Philip Warwick thus describes Oliver Cromwell: "The first time that I ever took notice of him was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640. I perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country taylor. His linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hat-band.—His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the Queen for her

dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the Council-table unto that length, that one would have believed that the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened very much my reverence for that great Council, for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman whom (out of no ill-will to him) I thus describe, by multiplied successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better taylor, and more converse amongst good company, in mine own eye, when, for six weeks together, I was a prisoner at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence.

"The first years," adds Sir Philip, "of Cromwell's manhood were spent in a dissolute course of life, in good-fellowship and gaming, which afterwards he seemed very sensible of, and very sorry for; and as if it had been a good spirit that had guided him therein, he used a good method upon his conversion, for he declared that he was ready to make restitution unto any man who would accuse him, or whom he could accuse himself to have wronged. (To his honour I speak this," continues Sir philip; "for I think the public acknowledgments men make of the public evils they have done, to be the most glorious trophies that can be assigned to them.) When he was thus civilized, he joined himself to men of his own temper, who pretended to transports and revelations."

Lord Hollis, in his Memoirs, accuses Cromwell of behaving cowardly in two or three actions; and adds, that as he was going in procession to the High Court of Justice in Westminster-hall, to try the King, some of the soldiers reproached him openly, and in the hearing of the people, with want of courage.

Oliver's speeches to his Parliament appear perplexed and embarrassed. He had, most probably, his reasons for making them unintelligible.

In his cheerful hours Cromwell appears to have laughed at the fanatics who supported him and his government. The jest of the cork-screw is well known; and when, on his having dispatched a fleet upon some secret expedition, one of the fanatics called upon him, and had the impudence to tell him, that the Lord wanted to know the destination of it; "The Lord shall know," says Cromwell, "for thou shalt go with the fleet." So ringing his bell, he ordered some of his soldiers to take him on board one of the ships belonging to it.

Cromwell, like many other reformers of government, was very apt to censure grievances in Church and State, though he had not framed to himself any particular or specific plan of amending them. On the subject of ecclesiastical affairs he once frankly and ingenuously said, to some persons with whom he was disputing, "I can tell what I would *not* have, though I cannot tell what I would have."

The French proverb says, "A man never goes so far as when he does not know where he is going."—This was, most probably, Cromwell's case: he had, indeed, gone so far, that, with Macbeth, he might have said,

*Returning were as tedious as go o'er.*

Oliver's fears for his personal safety carried him on in his career of wickedness, when once he had began it, and particularly when he found that he could not trust the assurances of his Sovereign. The latter part of his life was embittered by fear and remorse, and after the publication of that celebrated work "Killing no Murder," he appears never to have had a quiet moment.

It is mentioned in Spence's MS. Anecdotes, that a few nights after the execution of King Charles the First, a man covered with a cloak, and with his face muffled up, supposed to have been Oliver Cromwell, marched slowly round the coffin, covered with a pall, which contained the remains of Charles, and exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard by the attendants on the remains of that unfortunate monarch, "Dreadful necessity!" Having done this two or three times, he marched out of the room, in the same slow and solemn manner as he came into it.

BLANKS
For Sale at the Bookstore of the Guardian,

# THE GUARDIAN.

ALBANY, OCTOBER 29, 1808.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

E. Bronson and others propose publishing monthly, in numbers, to contain 72 octavo pages, at 5 dolls. per year, "*Select reviews and spirit of the Foreign Magazines.*"—From a well written classic prospectus we extract the following which will exhibit the views of the publishers:—

"The Editors of the present compilation propose to extract from all foreign and American Journals, Magazines and Reviews, such articles as, in their judgment, merit preservation. They hope by such means, to present to their countrymen, a mass of sound literature, which while it will aid the man of sense in his researches, and the student in his closet, will enable the desultory reader to place on his parlour window a book that will cheat life of some of its cares."

Mr. Cumberland has in the press, a Novel, to be entitled, John de Lancaster. It is the work which he announces in his Memoirs in the following words, "I have also planned, and in great part finished, one more novel, upon which I have bestowed much time and care, anxious to leave something behind me which may instruct the scholar as well as the idler, something which gravity may read without contempt, and modesty without a blush: a work of fancy that may prove I have not quite exhausted my capacity to amuse, nor quite abandoned my endeavours to instruct."

Doctor Ramsay, (the celebrated Historian) has issued proposals for publishing a History of South-Carolina, from its first settlement in 670, to 1808. The work will be put to press in November next.

Cotton & Stewart, Alexandria, intend publishing The Exile of Erin, by Miss Gunning, one volume.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*B.*" thinks the insertion of the anecdote in our last, relative to Addison, injudicious.—Disposed as we are to listen to the *friend of Addison*, and prejudiced in favor of the cause he espouses, he could easily obtain our assent to almost any encomium he could bestow on that illustrious name. Yet do we not think it ever injudicious to draw vice from its lurking-place and expose it to public scorn. We think it more particularly our duty to do this, when the possessor of that vice has other qualities which may excuse it and thus give it a sanction which will secure its currency. Our readers will be thus benefitted,—for they will see that even the virtues of Addison could not save him from the contempt of posterity for one act of barbarity.—The anecdote referred to is detailed, if we recollect, in D'Israeli's anecdotes as well as in a little anonymous work from which we selected it. When we have such authority, we shall continue to publish similar anecdotes, whether they regard the elegant Addison or the cold-blooded Sterne, who could weep over a dead ass, yet suffer his mother to starve in a workhouse!

A communication "*on the ravages of fire,*" is received.

To gratify the ladies we this week commence the interesting biography of Mrs. *Inchbald*. Its interest is encreased from the circumstance of its being narrated on the best authority which guarantees its truth and correctness.

## MARRIED,

At Hudson, Mr. Uriah Raraback, to Miss Fanny Gridley.—At Schenectady, Mr. William Roff, of the Boght, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of the former place.—At Stillwater, Mr. John Cuyler, of New-York, to Miss Catharine Pendigrass, daughter of Col. Samuel Pendigrass, of Philadelphia.—At New-Hartford, Mr. Amos Seward, to Miss Asenath Dudley.—At Whitesville, Jefferson co. Mr. Timothy Townsend, of Denmark, to Miss Soloma Davis, of Rutland.—At Paris, Mr. John Cherry, to Miss Clarissa Adams.—At Utica, Mr. Levi Barnum, to Miss Asenath Orvis.—At Kingston, Mr. William P. Radcliff, to Miss Hannah Dubois, of New Hurley.—At New-York, Mr. James A. Bayard, Jun. to Miss Harriet Nichols; Mr. William Ward, merchant, to Miss Sally Warner, daughter of Major James Warner; Mr. Stephen Cornwell, to Miss Eliza Brown; Mr. Charles Lockwood, to Miss Eliza Coddington; Louis B. de Niorth, Esq. to Miss Sarah Van Steenbergh; Mr. John H. Oldershaw, to Miss Mary Corlis; Mr. Caleb S. Halstead, to Miss Margaret Roome.—At Virginia, George Hay, Esq. of Richmond, to Miss Eliza Munroe, eldest daughter of James Munroe, Esq, late Minister to Great-Britain.

## DIED,

In this city, on Saturday last, Dr. WILHELMUS MANGIUS, in the 70th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, the Hon. Peter Silvester, Esq. in the 74th year of his age.—At Berne, Capt. Benjamin Fowler, in the 52d year of his age.—At Hudson, Mrs. Hannah Hallenbac, wife of Henry H. Æt. 61; David Lawrence, Esq. late recorder of Hudson, Æt. 69.—At Pompey, Mr. Jhn Beebe, Æt. 44.—At Richmond, the Hon. John Page, late Governor of Virginia.

GENTLEMEN & LADIES'
Shoe Store.

J. & B. VANBENTHUISEN, respectfully acquaint their friends and the public, that they have removed to their NEW STORE, No. 27, in front of the *City Hall*, Court-Street—Where they continue to carry on the *BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURING* in their various branches, and where they have constantly for sale a general assortment of

*LADIES SHOES & SLIPPERS,*
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, BOOTEES and SHOES;
of every description—

ALSO—AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF
*LEATHER,*
as cheap, and warranted equal in quality, to any in this city.

*Albany, Oct. 14, 1808.*

VINEGAR.

FINE transparent CIDER VINEGAR—also White and Red WINE VINEGAR, of a superior quality, Manufactured by the subscriber and always for sale in large or small quantities—warranted free from putrid slops, such as distiller's, brewer's, and sugar-house drugs &c. which will acidulate and assume the appearance of Vinegar for a time, but will soon become putrid and very unwholesome, as it contains one of that pure air, or fixed salts, peculiar to Vinegar made of good Cider or Wine.

JOHN BRYAN,
*No. 17, Court, & corner of Court & Beaver-streets*

MUSIC SCHOOL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs, that he has established a MUSIC SCHOOL at Mr. Skinner's COFFEE HOUSE, in Green-Street, where those young Gentlemen who wish to be taught the knowledge of playing the GERMAN FLUTE, will be instructed on Friday and Saturday evening in each week. He will also give private lessons if required.

GEORGE KINSELA.

## POETRY.

We are not usually very lavish of praise, but to the following little piece we are willing to give it almost without mixture and without measure. We have rarely seen poetry and piety in such interesting and delightful alliance.—*Anthology.*

*The following ODE was written by a young Lady in the north of England, who for many years had been oppressed with a hopeless consumption.*

NOT to the rosy maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy lyre ; No more I seek
Thy aid, Hygeia ! sought so long in vain.
But 'tis to thee, O Sickness ! 'tis to thee
I wake the silent strings—accept the lay.
Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce scourge
O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph
Of mild though mournful mien, upon whose brow
Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy eye,
Though moist with tears, is always fix'd on Heaven.
Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds, but thou canst tell
Of worlds where all is sunshine, and at length
When through this vale of sorrow thou hast led
Thy patient sufferers, cheering the while
With many a smile of promise, thy gentle hand
Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest ;
Where Death's kind Angel waits to dry their tears
And crown them with his amaranthine flowers.

Yet I have known thee long, and I have felt
All that thou hast of sorrow—many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek, and many a sigh,
Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast ;
Yet still I bless thee, O thou chast'ning pow'r !
For all I bless thee thou hast taught my soul,
To rest upon itself, to look beyond
The narrow bounds of Time and fix its hopes
On the sure basis of eternity.——
Meanwhile, even in this transitory scene,
Of what hast thou deprived me ? Has thy hand
Clos'd up the book of knowledge ; drawn a veil
O'er the fair face of Nature ; or destroyed
The tender pleasures of domestick life ?
Ah no ! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
Each better feeling ; thou awakenest there
That unconfin'd Philanthropy which feels
For all the unhappy : that warm Sympathy
Which casting every selfish care aside
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest :
That Melancholy,—tender yet sublime—
Which feeling all the nothingness of earth,
Exalts the soul to heaven : and more than this
That pure Devotion, which, even in the hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of ecstasy—such tears perhaps
As angels love to shed.——
These are thy gifts, O Sickness ! these to me
Thou hast vouchsaf'd, and taught me how to prize.
Shall my soul shrink from aught thou hast ordain'd ?
Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train
Around whose path Prosperity has strew'd
Her gilded toys ! Ah, let them still pursue
The shining trifles ; never shall they know
Such pure and holy pleasures as await,
The heart refin'd by sufferings.—Not to them
Does Fancy sing her wild romantic song,
'Tis not for them her glowing hand undraws
The sacred veil, that hides the angelick world.
They hear not in the music of the wind
Celestial voices, that, in whispers sweet,
Call to the flowers—the young and bashful flowers !
They see not at the shadowy hour of eve,
Descending spirits, who on silver wings,
Glide through the air, and to their harps divine
Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of praise :
Or pausing for a moment as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene,
Drop on their golden harps a pitying tear.

Prosperity, I court thy gifts no more,
Nor thine, O fair Hygeia ! Yet to thee
I breathe one fervent prayer ; attend the strain.
If for my faded brow thy hand prepare
Some future wreath, let me the gift resign.
Transfer the rosy garland ; bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend belov'd,
On whose maternal bosom even now
I lay my aching head ; and as I mark
The smile that plays upon her speaking face,
Forget that ever I have shed a tear.

## SKETCHES.

### THE FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities ; riches, ease, tranquility, fame, integrity, knowledge, &c.

Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject, but stand to your own judgment ; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

Such is the force of well regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally ensure success. Would you, for instance, be rich ? Do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of every thing else ? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit.—But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, and of a free and unsuspicious temper.

"But I cannot submit to drudgery like this, I feel above it." It is well ; be above it then ; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of great price ?—That, too, may be purchased by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be learned.

You are a modest man, you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of a few intimate friends with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit and disposition, but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

EVERY art and science has a peculiar phraseology. The lawyer talks of *avowries*, *formedons*, *demurrers*, and *certioraris* ; a chemist of *muriate of soda*, *oxygenous gas*, *sepion*, and *hydrogene* ; the metaphysician astonishes us with *occult forms*, *entities*, and *realities*, *essence* and *identity* ; whilst the grave geometrician talks soberly of *trapeziums*, *asymptotes* and *parallelopipedons*. My logical tutor puzzled me and himself also in *barbara*, *fapesmos*, *concretes*, and *negatives pregnant* ; the next day I had to learn from the professor of anatomy the uses and properties of what he called *aorta*, *ganglion*, *diaphragm*, *duodenum*, and *os hyoides* ; and the merchant should not smile at professional pedantry, for who invented *bottomries*, *agios*, *usances*, and *hypothecations* ?

## AMUSEMENT.

### AN OATH CONFIRMED BY A BISHOP.

THE late bishop Herring, not more remarkable for learning than benevolence, being applied to by a poor Curate for his interest to continue under any new Rector he should appoint, told the man, he was so struck with his humility, and affected by his situation, that he should have the living himself.—"Shall I by G—," said the transported Curate, in the fulness of his heart. "*By the living God you shall,*" replied the good Bishop.

COUNT Tracey complaining to Foote, that a man had ruined his character, "So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a d——d bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."


## EVENING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the citizens in general, that he will open an EVENING SCHOOL, at his SCHOOL-ROOM, No. 25, Washington-Street, on Monday, the 3d of October next, from six to nine o'clock, five evenings in each week, for the instruction of Youth of both sexes, in *English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping, Geography* with the use of Maps, *Euclid's Elements, Plane, Oblique* and *Spherical Trigonometry, Mensuration, Gauging, Surveying, Navigation, Algebra*, &c.

Lectures will be delivered to the Students on the different branches which they learn. The strictest order will be observed, and none admitted but such as will conduct themselves with propriety.

| | TERMS PER QUARTER | PER MONTH. |
|---|---|---|
| Writing, | $2 | $1 |
| Writing and Arithmetic, | 2 50 | 1 |
| Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, | 3 - | 1 25 |
| Book-Keeping, | 4 | 2 |
| Mathematics, | 5 | 2 |

THO. ENNIS.

*Albany, Sept.* 19, 1808.

## Drawing School.

*Mr. LEMET,*

HAVING opened his DRAWING SCHOOL, at Mrs. THOMPSON's, for the instruction of her Scholars ; respectfully informs, that Young Ladies who do not belong to her School can attend there to receive Lessons, from 2 to 5 o'clock, P. M on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—He has also opened a School for Young Gentlemen, at Messrs. I. & G. HUTTON's, corner of *Beaver*, and *Court-Streets*.

*Albany, August*, 1808.



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